

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 257.]

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1856.

[Price 1d.]



JULIA'S CONFUSION AT THE BIRMINGHAM STATION.

## JULIA CUNNINGHAME;

OR, THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

CHAPTER XII.—OUR HEROINE IN A DILEMMA.

HARRY was now a fine boy of nine; the last two years under Julia's care and training had done  
No. 257, 1856.

much for him. Though lively and ardent as ever, his spirits were not so wild and unrestrained; for he had been gently and steadily led to exercise his own powers of reason and intelligence, and in a great measure to depend upon himself for employ-

c c c

ment and recreation. His activity had been encouraged, and at the same time regulated, and with all his native energy he entered heartily into the little schemes and pursuits which were continually suggesting themselves to his young but enterprising mind. But he was now (Mr. Cunningham thought) old and forward enough to be placed under the care of a master, and accordingly it was arranged, to the great delight of Harry himself (who longed to be among other boys), that he should be sent to a friend of his father's, who received a limited number of pupils, to educate with his own son.

At the same time Ellen and Anne, who were now twelve and thirteen, were sent to the same excellent establishment at which Julia had been so well and judiciously educated; consequently the family circle at the Grange was now quite a small one, consisting only of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Julia, and little Alfred, who was only four years old.

Since the period of her leaving school, Julia had received numberless invitations from a very large circle of family friends and relations; but in consequence of her mother's delicate health and the many claims upon her time and assistance, she had almost invariably declined them—both her parents and herself feeling convinced that her present path of duty called her to remain at home. Now, however, she was more at liberty; and though they felt loth to part with her, even for a short time, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham thought it desirable that she should visit at least a few of the families with whom they wished to keep up a friendly intercourse.

Mr. Cunningham's eldest brother was living in the south of England. He had a wife and two grown-up daughters—one about Julia's age, the other a little older. She had not seen her cousins since they were all children together; and it was therefore agreed that her first visit should be to Allerton, the village at which her uncle resided.

Mr. Cunningham was to accompany his daughter on her journey to his brother's, and, after remaining there for a few days, was to return home again, leaving Julia to finish her visit: but, alas for human appointments! the plan was suddenly frustrated by a severe attack of influenza, which entirely laid Mr. Cunningham aside, and rendered it impossible for him to travel, at any rate for some days to come. He would not, however, hear of Julia's postponing her visit on his account, especially as it had been delayed several times already; he therefore proposed that she should set off on the day specified, and that their old and faithful Thomas should accompany her; but Julia knew that this would be inconvenient, as the journey was a long one, and Thomas could not return the same day. She accordingly begged her father to let her go alone, which, after a little hesitation, he consented to do, giving her many charges to be sure and take care of her luggage, and, as she had to change carriages several times, to be careful that she did not get into a wrong train. Julia listened attentively to all his cautions, promising to remember his directions; and when the appointed day arrived, Thomas drove her to the nearest station, and saw her safe into the train.

"Your luggage is in van No. 20, Miss," he said, touching his hat, as the train was about to move off.

"Thank you, Thomas; good bye. Oh! but my little travelling bag; where have you put that?"

"It's here, under your seat, Miss. The train's just going now;" and Thomas moved away. For the first few miles Julia had the carriage to herself, and she was glad of it; for she could not help shedding a few tears; she loved her home, and to leave it, even for a few months or even weeks, gave her a pang of sorrow. Then, her father was not very well, and she felt much more disposed to stay and nurse him, than to leave him while still an invalid. Perhaps, too, she felt a little timid at being left, for the first time in her life, to take a long journey alone; but Julia was young, and full of youthful energy and anticipation. She liked the idea of visiting her relations, and of seeing a part of the country which was quite new to her. So she dried her eyes, and sat watching the quickly-receding views as the train rushed rapidly along. At last it stopped, and two gentlemen got into the carriage. They were friends evidently, and were soon engaged in an animated conversation on politics and business, which, not being particularly interesting to Julia, she drew a book out of her bag, and was presently too much absorbed in its contents to know what was passing around her.

In two hours they reached Birmingham, and Julia had to change carriages. She remembered her father's caution, and as soon as she was out of the train, looked out for van No. 20. The next thing was to engage the services of a porter, but this was no easy matter; she was pushed first on one side, then on another; gentlemen unceremoniously interrupted her when she had just attracted the attention of a busy official, and carried him off in triumph. There was no help for it; she was obliged to wait with her umbrella, bag, and several parcels in her hands, and a large shawl over her arm, until the eager crowd of passengers had cleared off a little; but her cheeks burned, her heart beat, and she began to wish that Thomas had come with her. Birmingham was such a busy, bustling station; it seemed all confusion—bells ringing, men shouting, engines puffing and snorting in every direction. To Julia it seemed a Babel of discordant sounds; at last a porter with a "by'r leave," hastily wheeled a truck of luggage so close to her, that she was obliged to start on one side, and, in a fit of desperation, she hurriedly begged him to get her luggage out of the van, and wheel it to the Gloucester train.

"Glo'ster train don't start for an hour and a half," said the man, as he proceeded to look for her luggage. "How many boxes have you?"

"Three, and they are directed 'Miss Cunningham.'" Poor Julia was by this time looking rather pale, and a little frightened; the man glanced at her for a moment: he happened to have a daughter about Julia's age, just gone to service, and perhaps this disposed him to be more than usually attentive, more civil. "She ain't much used to travelling," he said to himself.

"Where does the Gloucester train start from?" asked Julia, when he had placed the boxes on the truck.

"It's a little further on—you'd best follow me,

ma'am." Julia did so; and when he stopped to empty the truck, he said—

"If you like to go and sit in the ladies' waiting-room, I'll put your boxes here, on one side, and keep an eye on them. Are you first or second class?"

"First," replied Julia.

"That way, then, ma'am—that's the first-class waiting-room. You'd best take your place ten minutes 'fore the train starts—'t won't be so crowded." There was now a sort of temporary lull at the station, and, thankful for a little quiet, Julia went and sat down in the waiting-room. She had a little wine and some sandwiches in her bag, and, unfolding the little packet, she took out a sandwich and began to eat it; but before she had half finished, she heard a train come in, and fearing it might be her own, she hastily returned her sandwiches to the bag, and rushed out of the waiting-room. At the door she met the friendly porter.

"Tisn't your train, ma'am—yours won't go for this hour. I'll be sure and tell you in time."

Julia thanked him, and, smiling at her own needless trepidation, returned to her seat and finished the sandwich. After another hour's waiting, the porter, true to his promise, looked in at the door.

"It'll be off in ten minutes now, ma'am. Here are your boxes against the wall: you'll be able to take your place now—there's the booking-office."

Having obtained her ticket, Julia returned to the platform, saw her boxes safely deposited in a luggage-van, and returned to the waiting-room for her umbrella, which she had left on the table.

By this time the platform was again crowded with passengers, and several trains were about to start in various directions. Julia seated herself in one of the carriages, and in three minutes the Gloucester train began to move. When they had fairly set off, she looked round at her fellow-passengers, of whom there were three—a very gaily-dressed lady, a fashionable-looking young man with a great deal of beard, and an elderly gentleman, who occupied the seat opposite to Julia, and who for the first few miles was deeply engaged with an article in the "Times." This gave her an excellent opportunity of leisurely studying the features of his expressive and benevolent countenance, which struck her at once as being indicative of genuine worth and nobility of character. At length, however, having finished the paragraph, he suddenly raised his head, and met the earnest gaze of his fair neighbour. Ashamed of her own eager interest in a perfect stranger, Julia blushed a little, and began to look out of the window. In the meantime the gay lady and the bearded gentleman had commenced an acquaintance with each other, and the former was entertaining her companion with an account of the loss of her gold watch, which she said had occurred about a fortnight before, while she was attending a concert at Exeter Hall. This led to a general conversation on robberies and pickpockets, to which Julia listened with some interest. A sudden impulse led her to put her hand in her pocket to ascertain the safety of her purse, but to her great horror she could not find it. She felt the corners of her pocket, took out her handkerchief and shook it;

but no, the purse was certainly missing, and yet she was sure she remembered returning it to her pocket after paying for her ticket. She searched her bag, but it was a fruitless investigation; and poor Julia's heart sank, when she remembered that she was more than a hundred miles from home, with another long stage still before her. Her limbs trembled, and she felt sick with fear. "What shall I do? oh, what shall I do?" she said to herself. And being a girl of sense and thought, she did the best thing she could—began to consider in her own mind the circumstances of the case; but she could come to no conclusion. She felt utterly perplexed, and at a loss how to act. Julia's countenance was too completely the index of her mind not to betray some tokens of the tumult within. Her opposite fellow-traveller, the elderly gentleman, had noticed her evident distress, and was about to speak, but just then the train stopped, and the other passengers got out. Julia's companion then turned towards her, saying—

"Excuse me, young lady, but you seem in some perplexity; can I help you in any way?"

Julia looked for a moment at the speaker; every feature of his kind mild countenance seemed to encourage her confidence; but would it be prudent to trust in an entire stranger? Apparently the gentleman himself entered into her feelings, for he said again, "Possibly you may have heard my name; it is Warburton, Dr. Warburton." A sudden exclamation of joy, followed by a burst of tears, made the old gentleman look up in amazement; there was something so very strange and unaccountable in his fellow-traveller's manners and behaviour, that he began to fear that her mind was a little disordered; but she soon set him to rights upon this point, and, smiling through her tears, said in a tone of delighted impatience: "It cannot, surely it cannot be Dr. Warburton, the friend of Mary Aubrey!"

"Certainly I know Mary Aubrey," answered he, looking increasingly astonished and confounded. "Are you, too, acquainted with her?"

"She married my cousin," exclaimed Julia.

"Dear, dear, how extraordinary!" said the Doctor, lifting up his hands and raising his eyebrows, "most singular! and your name is —"

"Cunninghame," said Julia, in a tone of unfeigned thankfulness; and then, following the impulse of her naturally ardent temperament, she seized the old gentleman's hand and exclaimed: "Oh! Dr. Warburton, how I have longed to see you, since I heard of all your kindness to poor Mary Aubrey; and now to meet in such a place, and under such circumstances, seems almost like a dream." A sweet expression of benevolent interest overspread the Doctor's countenance as he gazed at the bright and animated face of the fair speaker, and, heartily shaking her hand, he said, with a mixture of pleasure and astonishment—

"A remarkable coincidence indeed! most remarkable: and now, my dear young friend, since we are no longer utter strangers to each other, you will not, I hope, hesitate to trust me with the secret of your evident anxiety and distress when I first addressed you."

Julia quickly put him in possession of the fact that she had lost her purse, and was therefore

entirely without resources, though a great part of her journey was still before her.

"Poor child!" said the kind old gentleman, soothingly; "indeed it was a most awkward and unpleasant affair, and very thankful I am that things have turned out as they have: how much farther have you to travel?"

"About fifty miles beyond Gloucester," replied Julia.

"Ah! you will have then a long journey. You leave Gloucester by the first train, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Julia; "but I believe I shall have to wait for some time."

"Ah! very likely; we shall be there in five minutes now," said Dr. Warburton, looking at his watch.

On arriving at Gloucester, the Doctor at once inquired the exact time at which Julia's train was to start, and found that she would have nearly two hours to wait.

"Have you ever seen the cathedral?" he inquired.

"No," replied Julia, in a tone of interest; "but I should be very glad of an opportunity of doing so."

"Suppose, then," said the old gentleman, "we just go and take a peep at it; we have a full hour to spare, and it is well worth seeing."

Julia was delighted with this proposal. She was a thorough antiquarian, and nothing pleased her more than to wander through old and ruinous buildings, associated with memories of the past, and once peopled with a generation long since buried and forgotten.

In a few minutes they stood before the time-worn walls of the venerable cathedral, still stately and stalwart as ever. Julia gazed with a fascinated interest at the lofty and beautifully proportioned pile, and when the grey-headed warden made his appearance, and slowly unlocked the massive doors, her imagination at once transported her to the scenes of bygone years. She felt spell-bound as she slowly traversed the dimly lighted cloisters, and admired the beautiful and elaborate carving of the arches. The old Doctor walked by her side, delighted with her evident enthusiasm and interest. He was a native of Gloucestershire, and its ancient cathedral was closely connected with all his boyish recollections. He had been guided thither by his mother, when little more than an infant; he had wandered in to listen to the morning service, when he was a light-hearted school-boy of ten; in maturer years he had explored with admiring wonder every nook and corner of the sacred building; and now, as an old man, all his youthful feelings seemed awakened, as he visited with Julia each interesting memento of the past. The tombs of Robert Duke of Normandy and Edward II, the gloomy crypts, in which heaps of whitened bones bore an humbling testimony to the frailty of human existence; the narrow holes, in which two bishops are said to have been confined; and, above all, the spot where the holy Hooper suffered martyrdom. They seemed to have spent but a short time in these all-engrossing researches, when Dr. Warburton, after looking at his watch, exclaimed—

"We have stayed beyond our time; we must return instantly, or you will be too late for the

train;" and, after slipping half-a-crown into the old warden's hand, he gave his arm to Julia, and they hurried back to the station.

The train was on the point of starting, and Julia flew to get a ticket, the good old Doctor having furnished her with a fresh supply of money. In another minute she was seated in the train, taking an affectionate leave of her new friend, who warmly shook hands on parting with her, saying—

"Well, my dear child, we have become acquainted in a singular manner, and I shall hope to know still more of you on some future day."

"Indeed, I hope so too," said Julia, as the bell rung, and the train began to move. She kept her head out of the window till the Doctor's tall figure was hid from view, and she could no longer see his waving hand, and then, leaning back in the cushioned seat, began to recall the strange events of her recent adventure.

"Oh! how amused papa will be," she thought; "but how could I lose my purse? I certainly put it in my pocket after taking my ticket. Dear Dr. Warburton, I don't wonder at Mary's attachment to him; who can help loving him?"

Another two hours brought Julia to the station at which she was to alight; and directly the train stopped, her uncle made his appearance, eagerly looking in at the carriage windows. He was followed by his daughters, and in another moment Julia was affectionately greeted by her eager relatives.

"Let me carry your bag and umbrella," said Clara, the younger of her two cousins: "no, you must let me indeed; why, how tired you must be; you've been travelling all day, haven't you?"

"Where's your luggage, Julia?" said her uncle.

"It was put in here," said Julia, pointing to a van.

"Now then," called out Mr. Cunningham in a loud voice to a porter who came running towards him, "we want some boxes out of here."

"Yes, sir," said the man, hastily unlocking the door.

"Which are they, ma'am?"

"These three," said Julia, as, holding her uncle's arm, she thought of her own fruitless entreaties to the Birmingham porters.

"Is that all, my dear?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Put them into my carriage," said Mr. Cunningham.

"Yes, sir;" and, shouldering the heavy trunks, apparently with great ease, the sturdy official carried them to the carriage which was waiting outside the station.

"You are tired, Julia," said Alice, her eldest cousin, as she noticed her pale and wearied countenance.

"Very tired," answered Julia, with a smile. "I shall be most thankful to get to my journey's end."

"We shall not be long," said her uncle; "there is our village, and there is our house," he added, pointing to a dwelling situated on a rising ground, and almost embowered in trees.

Fatigued as she was, Julia could not but admire the beautiful rural scenery by which they were surrounded, the green and well-wooded hills, the



fertile valleys, and the broad clear river which ran through the rich sloping meadows.

Many were the exclamations of astonishment and interest, when Julia at the tea-table related the loss of her purse, and her meeting with Dr. Warburton.

"It's really quite novelish," said Clara, "quite an adventure; but, oh! Julia, what would you have done if you had not met Dr. Warburton?"

"I cannot imagine," answered Julia; "but I did meet with him, and very thankful I was, not only because I had lost my purse, but because I had heard so much of his worth and excellence from Mary Aubrey."

"But he is old, isn't he?" said Clara.

"Elderly," replied Julia, smiling.

"Clara doesn't like old men," whispered Mr. Cunningham to his niece.

"I hear you, papa; don't believe him, Julia, it is only his nonsense."

"Didn't you admire Gloucester cathedral?" asked Alice.

"Oh, exceedingly," answered Julia, her eyes brightening with animation; "I longed to see more of it, but we were obliged to hurry away, and as it was, I was only just in time for the train."

"And my brother was not well enough to come with you," said Mr. Cunningham, as he sat balancing his spoon on the edge of his empty teacup. "Well, I am very sorry, very; it's so long since he was here, I've quite been looking forward to his visit."

"Poor Julia," said her aunt kindly, as she noticed the wearied expression of her niece's countenance, "you seem quite overdone; have you the headache, my love?"

Julia confessed that she had a bad headache; and she thankfully acceded to her aunt's proposal of going to bed at once. It was a most inviting chamber into which Mrs. Cunningham led her; the comfortable, luxurious-looking bed, with its delicately white sheets, seemed to invite repose, and the window (through which the last rays of the setting sun were brightly shining) looked out upon a scene which to Julia seemed to rival all the glowing descriptions she had read of the mountain scenery in Switzerland. She glanced at it for a moment, but her throbbing temples and weary limbs constrained her to seek the rest which she so much needed.

Her aunt was one of those kind and motherly matrons who seem formed by nature to soothe and comfort. She knew just what Julia wanted, and notwithstanding her expostulations, would wait upon her and help her to undress, and did not leave her till she had seen her comfortably settled in bed, with her head buried in the soft and downy pillow.

#### AN ADVENTURE ON BEACHY HEAD.

In the line of lofty cliffs of chalk which form the south-eastern boundary of England, the bold promontory, known as Beachy Head, is one of the most remarkable. Its elevation from the level of the sea, when it lies calm in the sunshine at its

base, is five hundred and eighty-eight feet; and as the situation of the cliff is one of the most exposed along the whole line of coast, it follows that a moderate breeze suffices to send the waters chafing and foaming up its rugged face. It will be readily believed, therefore, that in a south-westerly gale gigantic waves come rolling in with indescribable fury, bursting in thunder against the stupendous wall of chalk rock, and throwing sheets of foam half way up its entire height.

The crest of the cliff is visible far out at sea; the last expiring beams of day linger on its summit, tinting it with a rosy hue when the sun has sunk to rest below the horizon. How many a wistful eye has looked upon it from the deck of the "outward-bound,"

"When slow the ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her fluttering pendant looking back  
To that dear land 'twas leaving."

The young cadet, who has just torn himself from the embrace of his widowed mother, has gazed upon it with a full heart as it gradually faded away in the grey of evening; and then, when returning home, after a lapse of twenty or thirty eventful years, the master of wealth and honours, the well-remembered outline of the cliff has met his eyes in bold relief against the brightening sky at sunrise:

"While homeward-bound with fav'ring gale  
The gallant ship up channel steered,  
And, scudding under easy sail,  
The mighty headland first appeared."

But another picture still forces itself on the imagination: how often in raging storms, while the good ship, laden with the treasures of the East, and crowded with passengers, has been labouring in the trough of the sea, in the blackness of night, while the captain has been pacing the deck anxiously, looking out to ascertain his distance from that dreaded lee-shore, a vivid flash has lighted up the towering headland in all its ghostly whiteness! Woe, woe, betide the unhappy ship that in such a night has not miles of sea-room! If once she approaches that frightful precipice, her doom is sealed. At each successive flash of lightning the stupendous wall of chalk is more vividly revealed; while sheets of foam are tossing themselves half up the height, and the thunder of the surf is heard mingling with the thunder of the clouds, and the booming note of the guns fired as signals of distress. A moment more, and the noble vessel is lying a helpless wreck at the foot of the rock. Such calamities have, alas! been frequent, and it was off this point, about three years ago, and within sight of the cliff, that the unfortunate "Dalhousie," bound to Australia, foundered in deep water, when all on board perished, except one solitary seaman. The height of the cliff has been already mentioned—it is five hundred and eighty-eight feet; but some readers may form a better estimate of its elevation by comparing it with some objects familiar to the eye. Well, then, the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral appears a great height, as you look at it from the foot-pavement in St. Paul's Churchyard—it is three hundred and forty feet; and the burnished top of the Monument of London is two hundred and two feet from the ground; but if some magician could take the Monument be-

tween his fingers and thumb, and place it on the top of the cross of St. Paul's, the height would still be forty-six feet less than the top of Beachy Head, and he must put a good four-story house on the top of all before the altitude of the mighty cliff would be attained. With these preliminary remarks, we will now begin our narrative of one of the most miraculous and merciful escapes from death that the good providence of God has left on record.

It was on a fine afternoon in September, in the year 18—, that three friends, young men, set out from the village of Eastbourne to walk to Beachy Head, the distance being about a mile and a half. One of the three was a collector of fossils, and he took with him the little hammer which he commonly used for breaking the lumps of chalk which so often contain specimens of antediluvian sharks' teeth, echini, and shells. Arriving on the beach below the cliff, they found the sea almost calm, and wandered about for some time searching for agates and pebbles; and one of the three—the fossil-hunter—found among the shingles a large spike-nail, a relic, perhaps, of one of those fearful wrecks which are not uncommon at this awful point. Perhaps he held the old superstitious opinion that it is lucky to pick up and preserve any piece of old iron. At all events, the spike-nail was safely deposited in his pocket, and he wandered on, intently searching for fossils along the base of the cliff, which frowned above his head. Presently he came to that spot where a portion of the topmost strata of chalk has crumbled away, and fallen like an avalanche upon the beach below, forming a sloping rugged wall, to the height of about four hundred feet, with numerous crags and fissures, which might tempt a chamois or a hunted fox to search for a pathway, but which offered no likelihood of a hold for human foot. But our narrative will perhaps proceed more easily and naturally in the language of the adventurer himself.

"I was so occupied with my search among the masses of chalk which lay at the foot of the cliff, that I had for a full half hour parted from my companions, and when I raised myself from my stooping posture to look for them, I was surprised to find that I had gradually climbed a good way up a narrow shelving track, which seemed to present no obstacle to my further progress. My friends were not in sight—they had probably gone along the beach beyond the projection of the headland. It was of no consequence; I should see them presently; and so I continued my ascent, finding from time to time specimens which absorbed my attention, and made me quite regardless of the increasing difficulties of my path. On a sudden, however, I was startled by the scream of a sea-gull, and, looking round me, was at once aware that I had reached a point of considerable danger—that, in fact, it would be quite impossible to retrace my steps for the last twenty or thirty feet that I had mounted, and that I had no alternative but to proceed onward, in the hope of finding a track by which I could descend. In this situation I shouted to my companions; but they were not in sight, nor could I perceive any moving object on the beach, which lay far below, or on the expanse of sea, over which the sun now glared

through a rising fog-bank in the west—a blood red disk resting on the horizon. No time was to be lost, it would soon be dusk, and the peril of my path would be increased. At every step my footing became more and more insecure; and when my hand or my foot loosened a fragment of chalk, down it went, rushing and bounding and disturbing other projections in its course, until I heard the sullen distant crash as they fell upon the beach below, and read in that sound a warning of my inevitable fate if I should lose my hold.

"But to retreat was impossible. I had now arrived at a spot where the cliff rose perpendicularly overhead. About twelve or fifteen feet up was a fringe of grass, which gave me hope that there must be a ledge of rock, which would afford a better footing. But how to reach it? How was it possible I could climb that wall? And should I fail? It was an awful moment. We talk of fervent prayer, and sometimes, when ensconced in our cushioned pew at church, we think that we are praying earnestly for blessings to be bestowed or dangers to be averted; but, ah! how dull and languid are such prayers compared with the aspirations of him who is standing on the brink of destruction, alone, as it were, with God, while death hovers over him in the gathering shades of night! At such a time he does indeed feel his entire dependence on the sustaining arm of Him who is 'mighty to save,' and his heart is strengthened and his nerves are braced while he remembers that 'the Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.'

"My situation was becoming desperate, and I had not a moment to lose. My hammer was still in my hand, and I recollected the spike-nail I had found on the beach, and drew it from my coat pocket. With the hammer I dug out little hollows in the chalk for my feet, and then, driving in my spike above, I held by it while I cut the next and the next, and thus I proceeded in my slow and most hazardous task until, at the end of an hour, as nearly as I could guess, and just as the dim twilight was deepening into night's darkness, I succeeded in clambering upon the grassy ledge. Success was it? I was at a height of four hundred feet at least, and above me the cliff rose nearly two hundred more—its bald and rugged top rather overhanging the narrow shelf on which I was crouching; so that to climb it, even if I had nerves of steel, would have been entirely hopeless.

"At this moment my hammer, which had rendered me such good service, slipped from my hand and fell. I dared not watch its fall down that frightful precipice, but I heard its chinking sound as it struck two or three times against projections in its course, and it sounded on my ear like a funeral knell.

"It was now nearly dark, but I could just perceive two or three moving figures on the beach, and I shouted to them with all my power; but the distance was great, and the noise of the waves upon the shingle must have drowned my voice. I saw them walk leisurely away, and, commending myself to the providential care of Him who had preserved me thus far, I made up my mind to the necessity of spending the night where I was, with the faint hope that at daylight I might be able,

by hoisting a signal of distress, to obtain assistance.

"But now a new difficulty began to press upon me: hunger, thirst, and fatigue were taking hold of me; my hands, swollen and wounded, and my finger-nails, worn down to the quick by grappling with the rock, caused excessive pain. Yet in spite of all this, I began to feel a drowsiness which I dared not indulge; for there was no friendly branch or twig to which I could fasten myself, and to fall asleep on that narrow shelf of rock, would be to fall into the sleep of death.

"From this imminent peril I was preserved in a manner which, while I live, will, I trust, ever dwell in my memory, and serve to raise my aspirations of gratitude to Him whose merciful providence is over all his creatures, and who in this hour of misery and distress sent me help in the form of a friendly sea-bird. A scream, and then the flapping of a sea-gull's wing, roused me from my stupor. It came and went as the bird wheeled round me, and then sailed away far, far below. Another came and went, and came again; and thus the pair hovered about me in the darkness, through the weary hours of that fearful night, and their screaming notes and the flapping of their long wings, so near me at times as to fan my face, became as music in my ears, bidding me look up to Him who alone had the power to save me from destruction. No doubt the poor birds had their nest in some crevice near me, and their natural efforts to scare away an invader of their territory, proved the means of safety to me. And so my eyes were 'held waking,' and I gazed on the deep blue sky, 'fretted with golden fires,' and watched the great constellations—the Bear and Orion and Cassiopeia—as they moved around their central star, and saw the planet Venus rise from her ocean bed and walk the sky in silent beauty. I looked wistfully toward the East, and longed, oh, how earnestly! for the day.

"At length the first streak of light appeared, and from that moment my eyes were turned constantly to the beach below, in the hope of deservicing some fisherman, for I knew that they were often early at their work. The light gradually increased, and I was just able to distinguish objects at that distance, when to my great joy I saw a man close to the water's edge. Happily there was little or no wind, and I had the better chance of making myself heard. I waved my hat and my white handkerchief, and shouted, using my hands as a speaking-trumpet; presently the man stopped, and turning slowly round, stood gazing at me. I renewed my shouts, and was answered. The sound of his voice rose distinctly to my ear, backed as I was by the reverberating rock.

"'Hold on a bit,' he said, 'and I'll tell the coast-guard people.'

"Here was a ray of hope; but *how* could they help me? There was but one way that appeared possible—they might lower ropes from the top of the cliff; but should I have the courage or the strength required for the ascent? Yes, if it came to that, I *must* find resolution to meet a danger which scarcely equalled that to which I had been already exposed. I knew not how long a time elapsed, for I had neglected to wind up my watch, but it seemed hours before I saw or heard any-

thing of the promised assistance. At last I heard, through the still morning air, a voice above my head, and, looking up, saw the heads of two men projecting over the edge of the cliff; they were lying on their faces, and were lowering a rope; it looked but a thread as it swung gently backward and forward in the morning breeze, and when at last it reached the place where I stood, it was swinging more than a yard from me, because the edge of the cliff projected so much. It was shaken, however, by the men, and still swinging backward and forward. Watching my opportunity, I caught the end and drew it towards me. It had a loop tied in sailor's fashion, and I knew that would not slip; but, alas! the line was but small, and I much doubted if it would bear my weight—perhaps the men had underrated *that*—for I was near six feet high, and weighed nearly fourteen stone. I shouted to the men, 'Will it bear me?'

"'Ay, ay,' was the answer; 'have you *pluck*?'

"'Ay, I hope so,' was my reply.

"'Then make it fast round your body, and swing yourself quietly off—steady, now!'

"I question whether any criminal, when submitting his neck to the gentle attentions of the hangman, ever experienced a more deadly sensation than I did at that moment. A cold damp stood on my brow, and my heart beat audibly as I passed the cord round my chest, and secured it in front with the best knot I was master of. Then I knelt and looked up to the clear sky, and in a few fervent words commended myself to the Divine protection.

"The men above called out:—

"'Say when you're ready.'

"I looked up, waved my hand, and cried:—

"'Now!' and feeling the rope tightening and lifting me, swung myself off from the ledge, keeping my eyes fixed on the cliff as I felt myself slowly rising. Presently there was a stop, and, looking up, I found that I was still about a hundred feet from the top. I could see but one of the men's heads, and he was in the act of removing a large fragment of chalk which had been disturbed by the friction of the rope, and which, if it had fallen on my head, must have killed me instantly. He did succeed in removing it; but, as I afterwards learned, I was held by his one companion alone while his hands were so occupied. Again I began to ascend, and hope returned. I heard the voices of my deliverers as they gave each other the word to haul together; and I rose, and rose, and at last felt my wrists seized by a friendly grasp, and fell stretched upon the turf. I just heard the hurrah that was uttered, and then for a time lost all consciousness.

"When I revived, I found myself in bed at a little inn, where, by the aid of kind and watchful care, such as English hearts and hands are ever ready to bestow, I recovered in a few hours from the effects of my perilous adventure.

"It may readily be supposed that such an escape became the prevailing topic of conversation, and that I was for some days 'the observed of all observers.' The impression left on my own mind I will not pretend to describe. Those who read my narrative will believe how earnestly and how heartily at church on the following Sunday I joined in those expressions of thankfulness for daily preser-

vation with which the Liturgy abounds. On that same Sunday evening, when alone and unobserved I walked at sunset on the beach, and looked again upon the face of that terrible cliff, how deeply did I feel the force and beauty of those passages in the Psalms which had already cheered me during the lonely watches of that memorable night. With my Psalter in my hand, I lingered, reading and musing until the daylight faded, and then the moon rose in calm serenity from the blue horizon of the wide waters, and I read again by her light, which seemed to impart a glow of sanctity to the inspired words—'Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers; his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.' 'My soul hangeth upon thee: thy right hand hath upholden me.' 'Thou shalt make room enough under me for to go, that my footsteps shall not slide.' 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord who hath made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, and he that keepeth thee will not sleep. The Lord himself is thy keeper, the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand.'

#### EASTERN CUSTOM-HOUSES.

OUR friend Hadji Mustapha Effendi, (the Goomroogee Bashi, or head custom-house officer,) has invited us to visit him at the custom-house, and we accept his invitation.

All over the Turkish Empire the privilege of exacting duties upon import and export goods is farmed to private individuals; and these monopolists sublet the right to others. Thus it happens that our friend the Hadji, who is a cousin of the rich Turkish merchant who bought the monopoly this year, holds his lucrative post. Two years ago he was well known in the town as a poor but industrious shoemaker: now he rides in his carriage. His richer cousin, knowing him to be capable and trustworthy, has sold him the right on trust; and, as the privilege extends over a twelve-month only, you may depend upon it our friend is doing all he can to make hay while the sun shines—to make enough, not only to pay off his debt, but to maintain him in comfort for the remainder of his days. This system of farming is the root of much evil over the East. It is an incubus on commerce, an enemy to the merchant, the ship-owner, the cultivator, and, in short, the whole population, with the insignificant exception of the monopolists themselves. Nor is this all. If the Appallaters, as they are termed, confined themselves to the strict letter of the existing tariff, if they contented themselves with levying imposts at seaports and frontier towns only, then matters would not be so bad; but such is not the case, especially in those parts of the empire most distant from the capital. The reason is self-evident. A parcel of men, without education or morals, enjoy, for a pecuniary consideration, a certain right for a limited period; and, during that period, by foul means or fair, they make all the money they pos-

sibly can. Hence the flagrant iniquities practised upon the peasant. A poor villager, under the same pashalik, carries his year's produce of silk or grain to the nearest sea-port town for sale or barter: he is way-laid, and mulcted at the city gates. He returns towards his village, perhaps the same evening, and the European cloths, etc., which he is carrying to his family, are again subjected to a tax. Thus, in almost every instance, imports and exports pay double duty, to the manifest benefit of the customs, and the equally evident detriment of the population at large. In some instances the same goods, coming from a long distance in the interior, have been known to pay duty five and even six times. This arises from the sub-letting of monopolies to different districts and pashaliks; and so long as the system exists, Turkey can never rise to be an opulent country.

And now that we have had some little insight into the basis or fundamental principles of the Turkish Goomrook, we may jump into our saddles and canter down the shady side of the street towards the custom-house.

In the East there is nothing systematic, nothing ship-shape or as it should be. We find this the case with our saddles, which are badly padded; with the girths, which are worn and unsafe; with the bridles, which are patched up with odds and ends of twine, to save trouble and a trifling expense; with the houses, built all awry, and some protruding a yard further into the streets than others; with the roads, which are no roads, having neither pavements nor sewers, foot-path nor carriage track; so that camels, horses, donkeys, carts, carriages, and foot passengers, going or coming, have no established rule as to which side to keep to; and the result is a chaos of confusion, dust, and bustle. The want of system, and the evil resulting from it, become more clearly evident the nearer we approach the custom-house: whole streets are blocked up, from carts and heavy-laden camels encountering each other, like the fable of the two goats on the narrow bridge, and without the possibility of making way for each other, after the ingenious method adopted by said goats. The result is, half-an-hour of precious time wasted, those nearest a thoroughfare being compelled to back into it till such time as the road is clear again.

At last we reach the entrance to the custom-house, and here the confusion that exists is beyond the powers of description. The first thing to be done is to dismount and hand our horses over to the care of some trusty Arab; and then we require the ingenuity and skill of a practised engineer to find out which part of the apparently impenetrable blockade before us can be best broken through. There are towers of cotton bales carelessly piled one over another, with a platform of sugar casks which roll under-foot most perilously. Ramparts, stockades, and moats, composed of Manchester goods, boxes of lead, bars of iron, baskets of rice, and immense sacks of wool; all these are interspersed with rusty broken hoops, bits of smashed packing cases (with dangerous nails sticking out of them), and not a few broken bottles of all sizes and descriptions. You will admit it is no easy or pleasant undertaking to effect an entry over these; we have no alternative





SCENE IN AN EASTERN CUSTOM-HOUSE.

but to do so; the Hadji himself and all his *employés* got in the same way; so have the multitudes that come here on business; so have the predecessors of the present custom-house people; and so it will continue to be till some owner turns up for all these goods, or a fire chances to consume them, custom-house and all—a calamity which might only forestall a greater one, for the building is now so rickety that the first heavy gale is likely to blow it down.

Following the example of more practised and expert frequenters, and with nothing more serious than a bruise or so, we find ourselves safely landed in the interior; and, taking the first door to the right, are speedily made welcome by the Hadji himself, who places us on the divan beside him. He has been “desolate” at our long absence; he is charmed, however, to see that our shadows have not grown less; and he hopes that we shall always come and lighten up the custom-house with our cheerful and welcome presence. When the Hadji, from sheer want of breath and sufficiently appropriate language, pauses at last in his rhapsody of compliments, we thank him for his welcome, but gently hint that, considering the difficulty and danger it involves, we are not likely to be a frequent visitor at the custom-house hereafter. “Danger and difficulty!” the Hadji grows sternly wretched on hearing this: “my friends, the

friends of my bosom, exposed to danger and difficulty! here Hassan! Ahmet! ye stout and valiant porters all! chastise me the wretch that has insulted their excellencies.” It takes us five minutes to elucidate the matter; and then the stern brow of the Hadji relaxes into a smile; he orders additional coffee forthwith, to be followed by glasses of iced sherbet. He intends to speak to the Pasha about the matter, and does not mind being liberal towards constructing a carriage road for our behoof. He even makes a note of the matter, and places it under the divan cushion, where it will remain till the servant sweeps it away to-morrow morning, long before which time the Hadji himself will have forgotten all about it. He never intends to recollect it; but he wishes to appear zealous in his welcome—to impress us with the sincerity of his friendship; and if we call a week hence, he will go through precisely the same ceremony, without one word of excuse or apparent recollection of the subject having been ever before mooted. This method of cheap courtesy is universal with Turkish officials.

But the business of the day must be attended to. We are quite willing to be left to our own reflections for awhile; so that the Hadji dons a pair of spectacles, and taking a scrap of paper from the nearest applicant, carefully peruses the same before handing it over to some subordinate.

The room we are seated in is a long oblong one, with only one entrance door and a few pigeon-holes close to the ceiling, which do duty for windows. Round three sides are placed a low narrow divan, with equally low wooden desks before them. Only the Hadji, in compliment to the high office he fills, is accommodated with a lofty seat, which serves for manifold purposes; on it he sits, tailor-fashion, himself; on it are his ink-horn, his pepper-box, full of steel gratings (to serve instead of blotting-paper), his tobacco-pouch, his private account-book, his seal of office, a huge pair of shears, to cut and shape his papers with, a quire of paper, and a few envelopes. All the other clerks have the same inventory of goods, with the exception of the signet, either on the desk before them or on the divan beside them; and, as far as we can judge, very few of them seem to pay any particular heed as to what is going forward around. Some are playing at backgammon, shuffling the dice and speaking or laughing as loudly as though the place were a public coffee-room; others are playing at cat's-cradle; some are narrating little episodes of private adventure; and one or two, with intense anxiety depicted in their faces, are endeavouring to unravel a sum in simple addition, adding up some six lines of figures and arriving repeatedly at most unsatisfactory results. At the further end of the room, and nearest to the door, are some half-dozen patient individuals, who, seeing the throng pressing round the Hadji's desk, despair of transacting any business for a good half-hour to come, and endeavour to while away the interval with a stale old newspaper or in desultory conversation. In the centre of the room, wrangling with each other in no measured accents, are a couple of Hebrews, the one the seller, the other the purchaser of a few barrels of sugar, which are warehoused in the custom-house; the bone of contention between them is a couple of rusty old hoops which have fallen off said casks, and which both lay claim to as their respective perquisites; their joint value might be somewhat under threepence; but threepence is threepence, and the dispute grows fierce and loud. At last they appeal to the Hadji; and the Hadji, who has always an eye to business, claims them as his own. The customs charge nothing for warehousing, wherefore he considers himself entitled to casual windfalls. Vainly they expostulate against this; pale with anxiety and rage to think that they are both outwitted, the order is given to the warehouse scribe, who chances to be in the room at the time, to make an immediate memorandum of the matter; and the warehouse scribe, who to all appearance is totally unfurnished with writing materials, squats down immediately on the floor, and, producing inkhorn and paper, cocks up one knee, which serves him as a desk, and the minute is forthwith entered. Then the two dealers go away, full of enmity towards each other, their temper not being improved by a sly allusion, on the part of some witty individual, to the fable of the two cats and the cheese, a fable originally copied from the Arabs. Everybody is talking and clamorous, when a hurried ship-master, accompanied by a consular cawass and an interpreter, elbows his way up to the Hadji's desk, and demands, as the law is fair, to have his ship cleared out instant.

"Shuay, shuay, yer ebney! Yawash! yawash! (gently, gently, my son! quietly, quietly!) Does the man think we work by steam in this office?" Thus demands the Hadji, to which, on due interpretation, the captain hints that he would be mad or blind to think so. Nevertheless, the Hadji has a wholesome fear of the British, and especially of the British consul; wherefore he takes the documents out of the captain's hands, and gives them to his own private translator. This individual, who is clad in hybrid costume, reads out the manifest line by line, the Hadji making note of the same, and comparing them with his own entries of shipments, which are found to tally exactly. Then comes the most important question, viz.: Have all these shipments paid the right export duty? The Greek broker has made some omission, it appears, and matters cannot be proceeded with till the mistake is corrected. Upon this information the ship-master is naturally annoyed, but there is no remedy; he is obliged to go all the way back to the broker's, thence to the shipper, and in all probability is forced to appeal to the consul. Meanwhile the fair wind subsides, and the owners, the underwriters, and all parties concerned, have lost a week, if not more—a week of board-ship wear and tear, of expenses in pay and sustenance, and, perhaps, the cargo is ruined by too long confinement.

Other applicants present themselves. Some are come for permits to ship grain; which, after due consultation, are granted. Others come to settle about export or import duty; more again, to clear goods for shipment or lately landed. Amongst the *levées* is one individual who lays claim to half the obstacles that impeded our ingress; and his claim being substantiated, he forthwith commences their removal, only to leave room for a fresh batch, which has just been landed. So passes our forenoon at the custom-house. The hour of mid-day arrives, and the doors are closed to admit of repose and refreshment. They open again for the duties of the day at half-past two, P.M.

In this interval, at the express invitation of the Hadji, we repair up-stairs, and dine with him. The repast is good and plentiful, and when, after dinner, ablutions have been duly performed, we are initiated into a few of the secrets and oppressive troubles of office. "Chelibee" (gentlemen), commences the Hadji, "you little think of the worry and expense, the fatigue and watchfulness, that my office imposes upon me. Sometimes we receive packages half as big as this room, which are carefully warehoused and looked after; months intervene, and nobody calls to claim them. We advertise, we do all in our power to find the lawful owners, and, failing in all efforts, sell them in public auction. In the presence of authorities and the multitude, we force open the unclaimed cases, expecting, at the least, that they contain household furniture or crockery ware, perhaps some expensive musical instrument. Sometimes they contain nothing but roots and branches of dried-up trees, packed in heavy earth, the carriage of which alone would make a poor man's fortune. Sometimes we have found large bits of stone or pieces of rock; once, I remember perfectly, there was nothing but skins of venomous snakes and other horrid reptiles; and yet, Adjibe! wonderful that I should

live to say so! all these sold at exorbitant rates, and the purchasers were Franks. Now, what can you Franks want with such rubbish?"

It is vain to attempt to enlighten the understanding of the Hadji with reference to the admiration and delight of Englishmen in particular as regards all discoveries in geography or natural history—utterly futile to convince him that the roots and branches, the stones and the serpent skins he so condemns, were in all probability valuable contributions to agriculture, geology, and specimens of natural history. His arguments are terse, but conclusive; as for trees, nature had wisely distributed them over the earth, according to the climes best adapted to their growth; and it was therefore impious to attempt to remove them. Stones and rocks were abundant in every land; and, as for snakes and reptiles, we, who were free of such things, ought only to be too thankful to live without a knowledge of their very existence.

Leaving our Turkish friend to the enjoyment of his own philosophy and the afternoon nap, we remount our nags and gallop back towards home; firmly convinced of one fact, namely, that not one of the applicants of the forenoon are an inch advanced in the business of the day, which a few minutes of attention and systematic arrangement would have speedily and satisfactorily arranged.

### JOHN TRYER, THE SELF-HELPER.

A STORY FOR BOYS, ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE second night John managed better than before, and slept quietly till morning. With the dawn he rose, and went to the shore to seek for oysters. This time he went a different way, and had the pleasure of finding a fruit tree. He did not know what kind of tree it was, but, hoping it might be fit to eat, he knocked down one of the fruits. It was an oval nut, as large as a child's head. The outer shell was fibrous and hairy, and John broke it with the aid of a sharp stone. The next shell was almost as hard as a turtle shell, and he saw he should be able to use it for a bowl. The kernel was very juicy, and tasted like hazel-nuts, but less oily. In the middle he found a sweet, refreshing juice. For obtaining this juice, three natural holes are furnished—a beautiful arrangement, because much of the beneficial milk would be lost by breaking the hard shell first.

This was indeed a feast for the famishing youth. He was not satisfied with one nut, but knocked down a second and a third, and thanked Heaven for the discovery. The tree was tolerably high, but, like the palm tree, had no branches, but a crown of large sword-shaped leaves. The cocoa-nut tree (for it was one of these) grows plentifully in the East Indies, on the South Sea Islands, and in most parts of the torrid zone.

Though John had nearly appeased his hunger, he ran to the shore to seek for the oysters. He found some, but not nearly enough for a full meal. Therefore he had great cause to thank God for providing him, as he had done, with another source of nourishment, and gratitude filled his heart. He carried away his oysters for dinner, and with a

cheerful mind returned to his work of the previous day.

On the shore he found a large mussel-shell, which served him for a spade. Thus his work was made easier. He also found a plant with a fibrous stalk, like our hemp or flax. At one time such things would have been passed by him without notice, but now nothing was indifferent to John. He examined all he saw, hoping to find some use for it. Thinking this plant might be worked like hemp, he tore up a large quantity, tied it in small bundles, and laid them in the water. After a while, he observed that the loose outer rind became softened by the water. He therefore took out the bundles, and laid the softened stems to dry in the sun. When dry, he tried to beat them out like flax, with a large stick. Succeeding in this, he immediately began to twist the flax thus gained into small cords. These were not indeed so strong as those made by our rope-makers, because he had no turning-wheel and no assistant, but they were strong enough to fasten his large mussel-shell to a stick, so as to form a sort of spade.

John now went on diligently with his work, and planted tree after tree, till he had completely inclosed the space before his future dwelling. He did not consider a single row of trees sufficient security, but planted a second row near the first, and then interwove both rows with green twigs, so that it would require great force to break through it. Morning and evening he watered his little plantation from the neighbouring spring. The cocoa-nut shells served for water-pots; and soon he was rejoiced to see the young trees sprout fresh leaves. When the inclosure was nearly completed, he spent a whole day in twisting a number of strong ropes. With these he made a ladder as well as he could. He resolved to have no door, but to use the rope ladder for going in and out of his dwelling. The rock behind was about twelve feet high, and a tree stood on its top. To this John fastened his rope ladder, and let it hang down therefrom.

When all this was finished, he began to consider how he could enlarge the little mountain cave, so as to make it serve him for a dwelling. In order to provide himself with something like a tool, he went to a spot where he had seen some large green stones. These were talc stones, and very hard. While searching among them, he saw, to his great joy, one shaped very much like an axe; it had a sharp edge, and even a natural hole, in which a handle might be fixed. After a good deal of labour, to enlarge the hole, he succeeded in making a regular axe. A thick stick formed the handle, which he fastened on with his twisted cord as firmly as if it were nailed. He next tried whether he could not cut down a young tree with it, and his satisfaction at the happy result of the experiment was unspeakably great. He would not have parted with the axe for a thousand pounds. Afterwards he found two other stones, which, he thought, might prove very useful. One was formed something like a mallet, such as stone-masons and cabinet-makers use; the other was shaped like a short, thick cudgel, pointed at one end like a wedge. John took both these away, and hastened back to work at his cave. He found these tools or

great advantage; for when he put the wedge-shaped stone on the rock, and struck it with the mallet, he was able to loosen piece after piece of the stone, and thus to widen his cave. Some days of this labour enlarged the hollow sufficiently to make it serve as his sleeping apartment. He had dried enough grass to make a bed, and this he carried into the cave. By this means he was again able to lie down to rest, instead of sitting in a tree. What a comfort was this! As he stretched his weary limbs upon the soft hay, he thanked God, and thought within himself, "If my countrymen in Europe only knew what it is to spend many nights sitting on a hard branch, they would value the privilege of resting on a soft and safe bed more highly, and would not so often forget to thank God for such a blessing."

The next day was Sunday, and John resolved to devote it to rest and reflection. He spent some time in prayer, and with tears besought God to forgive his past sins for his Saviour's sake, and to bless and comfort his poor parents. He also thanked God earnestly for the wonderful help he had afforded him in his forsaken condition, and for the future resolved, aided by divine strength, on a life of new obedience. God had foreseen that his sufferings would be for his good, and had therefore permitted them; for afflictions, indeed, if rightly improved, are often greater blessings than prosperity.

That John might not forget the order of the days, he contrived a sort of calendar. As he had no writing materials, he sought out four smooth-barked trees. Every evening he cut a small notch with a sharp stone on the first of these trees, to mark a day. At the end of each week, he cut a notch on the next tree, to mark a week. At the end of four weeks, or a few days more, according to the moon, he cut a notch on the third tree, to mark a month; and the fourth tree was left to mark a whole year. By this means he could spend every seventh day in a Christian manner.

After a time John had consumed all the cocoanuts on the only tree he had yet discovered; and the oysters were cast ashore so sparingly, that he could not subsist on them alone; so he began to feel anxious about the future. From the fear of wild beasts or savages he had not ventured hitherto far from his dwelling. Necessity now gave him courage. He resolved to undertake a short journey the next day. To protect himself from the burning sunshine, he spent the evening in preparing a sort of umbrella. For this purpose he wove a frame of willow twigs, fixed a stick in the middle, fastened it with twine, and covered the frame with broad cocoa-nut leaves, which he fixed with fish-bones instead of pins. These he had collected from the dead fishes which the sea sometimes cast on the shore. Thus he made so strong a screen that the sun could not penetrate it.

John often reflected how foolish he had been in his youth in spending his time in idleness. "Oh, if I were but in Europe," he would say, "with all the good tools there so easily obtained, how readily could I make most of the necessary things."

As the evening was not very far advanced, it occurred to him that he might make a sort of bag to carry some food, and bring back any new pro-

visions he might be so fortunate as to find. After consideration, he thought he could make a net out of some of his twine; so he fastened the latter to a couple of trees, about a yard distant from each other, and knotted the threads closely and strongly together. This made what weavers call the warp. He then knotted the threads downwards as closely as possible, and with the hanging threads made a knot round the cross-threads, as netmakers do. These threads formed the woof; and thus he contrived a sort of fine fishing-net. After this he untied the ends from the trees, fastened up the bottom and sides, and so had a regular hunting-pouch, which he could hang round his neck by a thick string.

#### PERILS OF A FRENCH OFFICER IN AFGHANISTAN.\*

FEW works of travel that have recently appeared are more rich in personal incidents of adventure than M. Ferrier's "Caravan Journeys through Persia and Afghanistan." This gentleman, a French officer, may literally be said to have carried his life in his hand from day to day. From one portion of his volume the following extract is taken, possessing as it does a special interest, by giving us a peep at Afghanistan and its rulers, after the abandonment of that country by the British.

I started, says M. Ferrier, from Washeer, accompanied by a man on foot, the successor of Jubbur Khan; but, instead of taking the direct road to Biabának,† my new guide followed that to the right, a very difficult and stony one across the mountains. To justify this proceeding, he told me the report of my arrival had spread, and that robbers would probably be lying in wait for me on the other. I had the simplicity to believe this, which I ought not to have done, having seen a caravan take the ordinary road at the very moment that we were leaving Washeer, and by joining that I should have had nothing to fear, but, unfortunately, to do so never occurred to me till a couple of hours afterwards. At this time we were in a narrow pass, where the road was exceedingly bad; and I noticed that my guide was wonderfully perturbed and disconcerted, or on the watch for something. Suddenly he made off over the rocks and ravines with the rapidity of a gazelle, while on our left arose ferocious cries from a dozen rascals, who soon appeared with lances, swords, and shields. I glanced instantly at Ali and Ahmed to see if their countenances indicated any expectation of this attack, but their alarm convinced me of their ignorance; they evidently feared as much for their lives as I for mine.

This point cleared up, I looked about me, and espying, fifty paces in advance, a rocky eminence, I ran to it, followed by my two servants, determined to sell my life as dearly as I could. A few minutes later our adversaries came near enough for us to see they had no fire-arms, while we, on the contrary, were well provided. Ali had a gun, I gave my double-barrel to Ahmed, and reserved for myself a pair of six-barrelled pistols; sixteen

\* London. John Murray, Albemarle-street.

† i.e. The little desert. The English had a post both here and at Washeer during the Afghan war.



balls, therefore, were at the service of these cavaliers. However, on they came, and steadily, for Ali's first shot did not take effect; but Ahmed's having told, seeing that I was ready to follow it up, they halted, and, as we rapidly reloaded, kept their distance. Our blockade lasted an hour and a half; to every summons to surrender we replied with a volley, when suddenly, to our great amazement, they fled and left us. At the moment we could not see the reason, but were soon enlightened; five or six Afghan horsemen, on their way to Herat, hearing the firing, came up at a rapid pace. For a trifling sum they consented to turn back and ride with us a couple of hours. When they left, we proceeded at a sharp trot, and soon reached Karakan, a small village of fifteen hearths, surrounded with gardens, watered from a kariz, and inhabited by Parsivans.

I remained here only four hours, having learnt that the Sirdar Mohamed Sedik Khan, commandant of the fortress of Girishk, to whom Yar Mohamed had given me a letter of recommendation, was not at his usual residence, but at another, called Mahmoodabad, nearer to Biabának. Taking a new guide, I pressed on, and arrived under the walls of the former village three hours after midnight. At that unseasonable hour I would not, of course, disturb the Sirdar, and encamped in a field for the night. Mahmoodabad is five parasangs from Biabának.

I was far from expecting the annoyances that befel me in the morning. I had scarcely awoke when I was surrounded by a crowd of sepoys and farrashes belonging to the Sirdar, who hailed me with bad jokes and insults. The proverb, "Like master, like man," came into my mind, and from that moment I felt a presentiment of the tribulations that were to be my fate here. I had been for upwards of an hour the butt of these scamps, when I was accosted by a young man dressed entirely in black, whose manners contrasted singularly with those of the other individuals around me, and the moment he appeared my persecutors retired to a distance and remained silent. It was the Moonshée secretary, Feiz Mohamed, who, having heard of my arrival, had come to offer me his services.

This young man had been employed by the English when they occupied Afghanistan, and having been well treated, remembered them with gratitude and secretly sighed for their return. His father was an Afghan, and his mother an Indian; and after the disasters of Kabul, and its evacuation by the British army, he had much difficulty to escape from the barbarity of his countrymen, who reproached him with having allied himself with the oppressors of his country. He had, however, acquired a little knowledge of English, and, as the Sirdar Mohamed Sedik wished to learn that language, he attached him to his service, and the Moonshée was thus placed under his protection. At my request he immediately carried to his master the letter I brought from Yar Mohamed Khan. About a quarter of an hour afterwards he returned with a huge, shabby-looking fellow, named Sadullah Jan, the Sirdar's man of business, who seized me roughly by the hand and desired I would follow him. I did so, and we entered the *kaleh*. Several courts through which

we passed were filled with scowling soldiers; the last was that of the harem, and from this we descended immediately into a *serdab*, or cave, to which the Asiatics usually retire during the heat of the day. The stairs were narrow, dark, and winding, and I could hardly persuade myself that he was taking me to an inhabited place: it seemed rather as if I were being led to secret execution or imprisonment. The darkness concealed my discomfort from my guide, but it was dissipated only when I found myself in the presence of the Sirdar and his numerous court. Opposite to him was Akhter Khan, the irreconcilable enemy of the English, and at his side Rahimdil Khan, brother of the famous Sirdar Abdullah Khan, who instigated the revolt against them at Kabul; there were besides in the *serdab*, Mohamed Azim Khan, the Sirdar Mohamed, Sedik's own uncle; lastly, Berkhordar Khan and five or six Molahs and Syuds—all hostile to Europeans, who gave me an icy-cold reception; the Sirdar acknowledged my *salam alek* by only a slight inclination of his head, and made me a sign to seat myself in the last place, near the door of entrance. His countenance was dark and severe, and produced the most unpleasant impression upon me. His false look, abrupt questions, wounding remarks, and haughty and contemptuous manner, indicated a predetermination in his mind against me. To ascertain the purpose of my journey was his first object, and his interrogations respecting it were exceedingly pinching. He also attempted to prove that I contradicted myself; wherefore I subsequently limited my replies entirely to the following:—

"I am a Frenchman; and not, as you suppose, an Englishman. I am going to Lahore entirely on my own account, to take service with the Maharajah of the Punjab. I have no political mission, either for Afghanistan or any other country or government. The Vezir Sahib Yar Mohamed Khan tells you so in his letter; and here are other firmans of Mohamed Shah, your ally, whom I have served, testifying the truth of what I state."

"These firmans," he replied, "may have been made out for some other person; and as to your confidence in Yar Mohamed, it might have been better placed; that chief was wrong to send you into this country—his orders are of no effect in Kandahar."

"But that is not an order," I remonstrated; "it is a friendly introduction from an ally, which I did not think would be thus received."

To my objections he replied, "You were quite wrong to come this way. Do you know," he added, "the Englishman who came last year from Persia to Kandahar?"

I answered in the negative. "Well," he said, "then I am better informed than you are. He was an officer of rank, with green eyes and a red beard; and having been in garrison at Kandahar during the time it was in possession of the English, one of my people knew him, and we seized him, and he is now in a safe place—*dar jah-i-qaïem*—from which he will not escape to trouble Afghanistan again. There is another besides him, who, also an Englishman, passed by Kandahar about seven months ago; may God pardon him! —*Khoda biy amurzedesh*," meaning that he was

dead. "All these visits of the Feringhees in our country are very extraordinary, and we mean to put a stop to them. I know you have written every day all you have seen from one stage to the next. Who gave you leave to act thus? Where are your notes? Give them to me this instant, or I shall order you the bastinado, which will surely make you do so."

"But what mischief can my notes do?" I represented. "You are spoken of as one of the most enlightened Afghan chiefs; you love the sciences, and are not ignorant that the Europeans endeavour to extend them. I have noted, it is true, the direction of the mountains and the rivers, the positions of the towns, villages, and tribes; but that is a work which the English, your enemies, have done before me, and better than I have. They have occupied your country, and know it, beyond a doubt, topographically better than you do yourself." To this he sharply answered—

"Never mind, I will have the notes."

There was no refusing this formidable demand; but I partly eluded it by sending for a small case, and taking therefrom a copybook with the notes of my journey from Constantinople to Bassora, which I regretted the less because I had sent a copy of them to France before I quitted Bagdad; unhappily it contained also my route in Turkistan and the Paropamisus: this I had forgotten, and it was now too late to hope to withdraw it from beneath his searching glance. Giving up the manuscript appeared to satisfy him; and, after he had turned it over, without understanding a word, for he knew nothing of French, he made renewed attempts to force me to acknowledge that I was an Englishman.

All that I could do was to affect a tranquil indifference, which, however it might impose upon the Sirdar, was far indeed from reflecting my own feelings. After an examination and cross-questioning of two hours, the Sirdar ordered breakfast, which the farashes brought on several trays, and placed before the guests, and of this I was desired to partake with some persons who were present, but of the less elevated ranks.

The repast over, the visitors retired, and I was going to do the same, when the Sirdar made me a sign to be seated. Directly we were alone, he dropped his surly manners, and seemed desirous of showing himself to me in more favourable colours. "Forget," he said, "the severities I have shown you; it was impossible for me to act otherwise in the presence of the fanatics who were about me. You see in me now a friend who will preserve you from every danger; but, in return, I have one service to ask of you. You are English, I am certain, and your denials will not affect my opinion on that point; listen, then, and do me the service I am going to ask of you. At the death of my father Kohendil Khan there will be twenty pretenders to the sovereignty of Kandahar, and he whom the English favour will be sure to succeed: therefore, to obtain their support, there is no sacrifice that I am not ready to make; I would take up arms against my father, my brothers, my uncles; I would do it without hesitation; I would be the devoted slave of the English, and ask nothing in return but their influence

to assist me in maintaining my hold upon the sovereign power."

Possibly I might have been beguiled by the air of sincerity assumed by this miserable wretch, if I had not detected something in his expression which warned me to put no faith in him. I also saw that, being in the hands of an ambitious villain, I must make use of his vices to secure my own safety. I assured him that, though positively a Frenchman, it was not out of my power for me to make known his wishes to the British Government of India. After a long discussion on that subject, therefore, he assured me it was impossible for him to treat me publicly with the respect he was disposed to show me, but he promised faithfully that no harm should happen to me. "If they are harsh to you, shut your eyes to the brutality of my people; they look upon you with distrust and hatred, and would not forgive me if I manifested any consideration for you."

Before I left his presence he despatched a messenger to Kandahar to demand his father's instructions respecting me, and the Sirdar then conducted me to a small building covered with straw, near the post of the sepoys, who were to be my guard. Rahimdil Khan was ordered to watch me, and my friend the Moonshee to establish himself in my den, and not to leave me for an instant, even in the night; moreover, he dismissed the Heratians, Ahmed and Ali, saying he should provide me with servants himself, if I went to Kandahar at all.

M. Ferrier, we may add, underwent a long imprisonment from his Afghan captors, and had finally to quit the country disappointed in the object of his journey.

#### PANORAMAS AND THEIR INVENTOR.

It will interest all who have enjoyed the pleasures of a well-executed panoramic sketch, to peruse the following account of the mode in which the useful and interesting exhibition was invented. We transfer the narrative from the *Obituary of the "Gentleman's Magazine,"* for October.

Mr. Robert Barker was the ingenious inventor and original proprietor of the Panoramas in Leicester Square, of which invention we have received the following account from the best authority.

Mr. Barker, who had invented a mechanical system of perspective, and taught that art at Edinburgh, where he was resident, was walking one day with his daughter (the late Mrs. Lightfoot) on the Calton Hill, when, observing her father to be very thoughtful, Miss Barker asked him what was the subject of his thoughts. He replied, that he was thinking whether it would not be possible to give the whole view from that hill in one picture. She smiled at an idea so contrary to all the rules of art; but her father said he thought it was to be accomplished by means of a square frame fixed at one spot on the hill: he would draw the scene presented within that frame, and then, shifting the frame to the left or right, he would draw the adjoining part of the landscape; and so going round the top of the hill, he would obtain the view on all sides: and the several drawings being fixed together and placed in a circle, the whole view might be seen from the interior of the circle, as from the summit of the hill.

This idea he forthwith put in execution, and draw-

ings were made by his son Henry Aston, then quite a youth, of Edinburgh from the Calton Hill, with Holyrood House in the foreground.

But the greatest difficulty remained. The drawings being made on flat surfaces, when placed together in a circle, the horizontal lines appeared curved instead of straight, unless on the exact level of the eye; and to meet this difficulty Mr. Barker had to invent a system of curved lines peculiarly adapted to the concave surface of his picture, which should appear straight when viewed from a platform at a certain level in the centre.

This difficulty, with many others of a similar nature, which may more easily be imagined than described, having been surmounted, Mr. Barker exhibited his picture, first in the Archer's Hall, and secondly in the Assembly Rooms, George Street, New Town, Edinburgh, and afterwards at Glasgow.

So much was thought of the discovery of its being possible to take a view beyond the old rule of forty-five degrees, that Mr. Barker was induced to take his invention to London, where he waited upon a Scotch nobleman with whom he was acquainted (I believe Lord Elcho, son of the Earl of Wemyss), and who was so greatly pleased with the plan, that he encouraged Mr. Barker to paint and exhibit pictures in London, and even assisted him in the most essential manner, by an advance of money.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Barker, after exhibiting his view of Edinburgh, in the spring of 1789, in a large room at No. 28, Haymarket, determined to exhibit a picture of London, for which the drawings were made by Henry Aston Barker, from the top of Albion Mills, near the foot of Blackfriars' Bridge, on the Surrey side. The scene on the Thames was the lord mayor's procession by water to Westminster on the ninth of November. These drawings were afterwards etched by H. A. Barker, and aqua-tinted by Birnie, and published in six sheets, 22 inches by 17.

This view was more than half a circle, and was exhibited in the year 1792, in a rough building at the back of No. 28, on the eastern side of Castle Street, Leicester Square, where Mr. Barker then resided.

In the year 1793, Mr. Barker took a lease of a piece of ground in Leicester Place and Cranbourne Street, where he erected the large exhibition-building in which the panoramas have been ever since, and are still, exhibited. The large circle was ninety feet in diameter, and the small upper circle is constructed within it, being supported by the centre column. It was opened in 1793, with a view of the Grand Fleet at Spithead.

As a good name was considered essential to the success of the novel experiment on the public taste, Mr. Barker applied to his classical friends, who furnished him with the very expressive and appropriate name of *Πανωραμα*.

Mr. Barker's panorama was not, however, without rivalry, even in its early days; Mr. Robert Ker Porter (afterwards Sir Robert) painted and exhibited at the Lyceum three great historical pictures—of the Storming of Seringapatam in 1799, of the Siege of Acre, and of the Battle of Alexandria, March 21, 1801. The printed descriptions and outline sketches of Seringapatam and Alexandria are now before the writer. These three pictures were three quarters of the circle. He afterwards exhibited at the same place a great historic and panoramic picture of the Battle of Agincourt, which picture he presented to the Corporation of London, and it is still in existence, we can hardly say preserved, at Guildhall.

After much patient energy and perseverance, Mr. Barker, ably assisted by his son Henry Aston, succeeded in establishing the panorama in the favour of the public; and at his death, which happened on the

8th of April, 1803, at his house in West Square, Southwark, at the age of 67, he left a comfortable provision for his widow and family.

The house in which Henry Aston Barker resided with his father, in Castle Street, Leicester Square, was nearly opposite to the house of the celebrated anatomist, John Hunter, whose habit of early rising was an object of observation and emulation to Henry Barker; but rise as early as he would, there was John Hunter poring over his anatomical preparations.

Henry Barker went to Paris, and drew a panorama of it during the peace of Amiens. He was on that occasion introduced to, and noticed by, Napoleon, then premier consul, by whom he was addressed as Citizen Barker.

The naval victories at the commencement of this century afforded admirable and most popular subjects for the panorama, and Henry Aston Barker's knowledge of nautical matters, and accurate representation of shipping, etc., attracted the attention and obtained for him the friendship of Nelson, who was much pleased with the pictures of his victories of the Nile and Copenhagen. He was first introduced to Nelson by Sir William Hamilton, at Palermo, in 1799, and was kindly received and treated by him at Copenhagen, where he went in 1801 to take drawings for a picture of the Baltic.

#### WANT OF COMFORT.

LET us look into several cottages inhabited by working men and women. Here is one where there is health, and strength, and regular wages, and little children, and a kind-hearted husband, and an affectionate wife. What prevents it from being a happy home? What sends its master, cross and discontented, evening after evening to the jovial tavern, and brings him back night after night staggering and brutal? The want of comfort. Instead of a bright little fire-side, a comfortable arm-chair, a singing tea-kettle, a tidied room, and merry children, which would make the wearied man's return a pleasure and a comfort, he finds the fire out—no food prepared—the children squalling—every chair filled with dirty clothes, or candlesticks, or unwashed dishes—the wife dirty and forlorn, changed, oh, how changed! from the smiling 'Jean' of his early courting days. He has a few pence in his pocket. The tavern is not far off. Whisky is cheap, and does instead of food and fire. Whisky is cheap, and raises the spirits. Whisky is cheap, and the sellers and buyers thereof are comfortable and merry. Little wonder, then, that the working man takes up his hat and is off to drown his cares in poison. Yet the husband is blamed and the wife is pitied! Very likely the want of order in the mistress of this uncomfortable home proceeds from want of knowledge. Perhaps she was a factory girl, and after working-hours she did nothing but dress, and visit, and gossip. So she was ignorant of cooking, darning, washing, and managing a house, and she has had no time to learn since.

A godly woman, who lived fifteen hundred years ago, used to say, that if the fists of the husbands were rough, the tongues of their wives were sharp, and that she knew the truth of the proverb, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Her method of management and success in domestic life she described in these words—"When my lord and master scolds, I pray; when he is angry, I forgive him, or give him kindly words; and thus I have not only calmed his anger, but it has come to this blessed issue, that he has been converted, and is a Christian!"—*Miss Brewster's "Sunbeams in the Cottage."*

## Varieties.

**LOOKING BACK.**—The superstition of the ill-luck of looking back or returning is nearly as old as the world itself, having doubtless originated in Lot's wife "having looked back from behind him," when he was led, with his family and cattle, by an angel outside the doomed city of the plain (Genesis xix. 26). Whether walking or riding, the wife was behind the husband, according to a custom still prevalent in the East, where no woman goes beside her husband. In Roberts's "Oriental Illustrations," it is stated to be "considered exceedingly unfortunate in Hindoostan, for men or women to look back when they leave their house. Accordingly, if a man goes out and leaves something behind which his wife knows he will want, she does not call him to turn or look back, but takes, or sends it after him; and if some great emergency obliges him to look back, he will not then proceed on the business he was about to transact." If we mistake not, a similar feeling is entertained in some parts of England, though not carried so far into operation.—*Timbs's "Things not Generally Known."*

**"FOOLSCAP."**—Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is; but they would be puzzled to tell how it came to bear that singular cognomen. When Charles I found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges, amounting to monopolies; and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich, and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water marks the royal arms. The Parliament under Cromwell made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, among other indignities to the memory of Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and the fool's cap and bells be substituted. These were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the parliamentary journals still bears the name of "foolscap."—*From "Notes and Queries."*

**THE CONVENT IN THE DESERT.**—Those who have seen the Grande Chartreuse, in the Alps of Dauphiny, know the shock produced by the sight of that vast edifice in the midst of its mountain desert—the long, irregular pile of the Parisian architecture of the fifteenth century, the one habitation of the upland wilderness of which it is the centre. It is this feeling, raised to its highest pitch, which is roused on finding in the heart of the Desert of Sinai the stately Convent of St. Catherine, with its massive walls, its gorgeous church hung with banners, its galleries of chapels, of cells, and of guest-chambers, its library of precious manuscripts, the sound of its rude cymbals calling to prayer, changed by the echoes into music as it rolls through the desert valley, and the double standard of the Lamb and Cross floating high upon its topmost towers. And this contrast is heightened still more by the fact that, unlike most monastic retreats, its inhabitants and its associations are not indigenous, but wholly foreign to the soil where they have struck root. The monks of the Grande Chartreuse, however secluded from the world, are still Frenchmen: the monks of Subiaco are still Italians; but the monks of Sinai are not Arabs, but Greeks. There, in the midst of the desert, the very focus of the pure Semitic race, the traveller hears once again the accents of the Greek tongue; meets the natives of Thessalonica and Samos; sees in the gardens the produce, not of the desert or of Egypt, but of the isles of Greece; not the tamarisk, or the palm, or the acacia, but the olive, the almond tree, the apple tree, the poplar, and the cypress of Attica and Corcyra. And as their present state, so also their past origin, is alike strange to its local habitation. No Arab or Egyptian or Syrian patriarch erected that massive pile; no pilgrim princess, no ascetic king; a Byzantine emperor, the most worldly of his race—the great legislator Justinian—was its founder.—*Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine."*

**ANTIQUITY OF LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.**—The art of bringing down lightning from the heavens seems to have been the only charm which the ancients possessed; and M. Salverte, in his work on the "Occult Sciences," shows

a probability that the ancients defended their buildings from lightning by conductors, and that the temple of Solomon was thus protected.

**HUMMING-BIRDS.**—Sir Woodbine Parish, the great authority on the provinces of the Rio de la Plata, and long the British Resident, notices in his book, that in the gardens around Buenos Ayres, humming-birds abound. They frequent the sweet flowers and orange trees growing there. He says: "We had a large number of them always in ours. One, with a brilliant violet-coloured breast, was the most common. Many were the attempts we made to rear the young birds, but in vain; I believe, because we did not know their proper food. All we could do was to keep them in their own nests in cages for some weeks hung up in the trees in which they were taken, where the parent bird would continue to visit and feed them, till they were supposed to be old enough to provide for themselves; then, nature's duty done, she invariably abandoned them, and they as surely died." Sir Woodbine Parish gives an instance of the possibility of taming a humming-bird, additional to one related by Azara. He tells us that the lady of General Balcorce, one of the Plata ministers, had a humming-bird so completely trained to obey her, that she carried it about in her bosom when she visited her friends; she would then let it fly about the room, and even into the garden. Sir Woodbine has seen this bird flying in his own garden, and disporting itself from flower to flower, till recalled by the well-known voice of its mistress, to be restored to its resting-place, and carried home again. It would not be over-fanciful to hope that we may yet live to see some of these "winged gems" fluttering about the gorgeous flowers which bloom and flourish so freely in the conservatories of our gentry, and in those paradisaical botanic gardens at Kew, and elsewhere, now so open to the public, and so appreciated by them.—*White's "Popular History of Birds."*

**RESISTANCE TO IMPROVEMENT.**—It was the physicians of the highest standing that most opposed Harvey. It was the most experienced navigators that opposed Columbus' views. It was those most conversant with the management of the Post-office that were the last to approve of the plan of the uniform penny postage. For the greater any one's experience and skill in his own department, and the more he is entitled to the deference which is proverbially due to each man in his own province—"Peritis credendum est in arte sua"—the more likely, indeed, he will be to be a good judge of improvements in details, or even to introduce them himself; but the more unlikely to give a fair hearing to any proposed radical change. An experienced stage-coachman is likely to be a good judge of all that relates to turpique-roads and coach-horses; but you should not consult him about railroads and steam-carriages. Again, every one knows how slowly and with what difficulty farmers are prevailed on to adopt any new system of husbandry, even when the faults of an old established usage, and the advantage of a change, can be made evident to the senses.—*Whately's "Annotations on Bacon's Essays."*

**GLASS-MAKERS IN THE OLDEN TIME.**—The glass-makers of Murano were not classed among the artisans; they received, as well from the Senate of Venice as from several foreign sovereigns, many privileges, remarkable for the age in which they were granted. Thus the Venetian patricians might marry the daughters of the master glass-makers without derogating in any manner from their dignity, and the children born from those marriages retained all their quarterings of nobility. And, further still, when Henry III went to Venice, in 1273, he granted nobility to all the master glass-makers of Murano. It having been decided, by a resolution of the Corporation of Murano, that a golden book, like the "Libro d'oro" of the Venetian nobles, should be established for registering the names of the original families of Murano, the Senate confirmed this resolution on the 20th of August, 1602. This book still exists in the archives of Murano.—*Jules Labarte.*